

# It Will Delight You "SABATA" TEA

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.



BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Captain Blood, physician and adventurer, is captured by Royalist troops while giving medical aid to one of the leaders of a rebellion against the English Crown. With Jeremy Pitt, a young shipmaster, captured with him, he is brought to trial charged with high treason against His Majesty King James. He protests his innocence, stating he was taken when acting in his capacity as a physician and not participating in the rebellion.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"I was never with that army. I never was attracted to the late rebel-ber. I regarded the adventure as a wicked madness. I was summoned that morning to succor Lord Gildoy, and I conceived it to be the sacred duty imposed upon me by my calling to answer that summons."

"Was there ever such an impudent villain in the world as thou?" The judge swung, white-faced, to the jury. "I beg, gentlemen of the jury, you take notice of the horrible carriage of this traitor rogue, and withal you cannot but observe the spirit of this sort of people, what a villainous and devilish one it is."

Upon that he proceeded to his summing-up, showing how Baynes and Blood were both guilty of treason, the first for having harbored a traitor, the second for having succeeded that traitor by dressing his wounds. Peter Blood looked round the scarlet-hung court. He laughed, and his laugh jarred unreasonably upon the deathly stillness of the court.

"Do you laugh, sirrah, with the rope about your neck, upon the very threshold of that eternity you are so ready to enter into? And then the judge delivered sentence of death in the prescribed form."

## CHAPTER IV.

### HUMAN MERCHANDISE.

On the morning of the 19th there arrived at Taunton a courier from Lord Sun-land, the Secretary of State, with a letter for Lord Jeffrey wherein he was informed that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to consent that eleven hundred rebels should be furnished for transportation to some of His Majesty's western plantations. Jamaica, Barbados, or any of the Leeward Islands. Slaves were urgently required and a healthy, vigorous man could be reckoned worth at least from ten to fifteen pounds.

Thus it happened that Peter Blood, and with him Jeremy Pitt and Andrew Baynes were conveyed to Bristol and there shipped with some fifty other rebels on the Jamaica Merchant, a vessel bound for that island under hatches, ill-nourishment and foul water, a sickness broke out amongst them, of which eleven died.

The mortality might have been higher than it was but for Peter Blood.

Toward the middle of December the Jamaica Merchant dropped anchor in Carlisle Bay, and put ashore the forty-two surviving rebel convicts.

To inspect them, drawn up there on the mole, came Governor Steed, a short, stout, red-faced gentleman, who

## CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini  
© RAFAEL SABATINI  
AGENT: N.S.A. SERVICE, INC.

limped a little and leaned heavily upon a stout ebony cane. After him, in the uniform of a colonel of the Barbados Militia, rolled Colonel Bishop, a tall, corpulent man who towered head and shoulders above the Governor. At his side, and contrasting oddly with his grossness, moving with an easy striding grace, came a slight young lady in a modish riding gown.

Buyers came and stared and passed on. Blood noticed that the girl was speaking to Bishop, and pointing up the line with a silver-bitted riding-whip she carried. Bishop shaded his eyes with his hand to look in the direction in which she was pointing. Then, slowly, with his ponderous, rolling gait, he approached. Peter Blood found himself staring into a pair of bendy brown eyes. He felt the color creeping into his face under the insult of that contemptuous inspection.

"Bah! A bag of bones. What should I do with him?"

He was turning away when the Captain in charge interposed. "He may be lean, but he's tough; tough and healthy. When half of them was sick and the other half

sickening, this rogue kept his legs and doctored his fellows. Say fifteen pounds for him, Colonel. That's cheap enough."

The Colonel finally purchased Peter for ten pounds. Jeremy Pitt went to the same muster for the sum of twenty pounds.

## CHAPTER V.

### ARABELLA BISHOP.

One sunny morning in January, about a month after the arrival of the Jamaica Merchant at Bridgetown, Miss Arabella Bishop rode out from her uncle's fine house on the heights to the northwest of the city. Reaching the summit of a gentle, grassy slope, she met a tall, lean man dressed in a sober, gentlemanly fashion, who was walking in the opposite direction. He was a stranger to her and yet in some vague way he did not seem quite a stranger.

Miss Arabella drew rein. "I think I know you, sir," said she. The stranger came to a standstill upon being addressed.

"A lady should know her own property," laughed he. She recognized him then.

Miss Bishop had heard that this rebel-convict had been discovered to be a physician. The thing had come to the ears of Governor Steed, who suffered damnably from the gout, and Governor Steed had borrowed the fellow from his purchaser. Peter Blood had afforded the Governor that relief which his excellency had failed to obtain from the ministrations of either of the two physicians practicing in Bridgetown. Then the Governor's lady had desired him to attend her for the migraines. Mr. Blood had prescribed for her and she had conceived herself the better for his prescription, after the use of him had gone through Bridgetown, and Colonel Bishop had found that there was more profit to be made out of this new slave by leaving him to pursue his profession.

"It is yourself, madam. I have to thank for my comparatively easy and clean condition," said Mr. Blood, "and

Minard's Liniment for coal's scalp.

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I am glad to take this opportunity of doing so."

"And why do you thank me for it? It was my uncle who bought you?"

"But he would not have done so had you not urged him. I perceived your interest."

"You did not seem quite like the others."

"I am not," said he. "Oh!" She stared at him, bridling a little. "You have a good opinion of yourself."

"On the contrary. The others are all worthy rebels. I am not. That is the difference. I was one who had not the wit to see that England requires purifying. I was content to pursue a doctor's trade in Bridgewater whilst my betters were shedding their blood to drive out an unclean tyrant and his rascally crew."

"But if you are not a rebel, how come you here?"

He saw the thing she apprehended, and he laughed. "Faith, now, it's a long story," said he.

"And one perhaps that you would prefer not to tell me?"

"What an infamy!" she cried, when he had done.

"Oh, it's a sweet country England under King James! There's no need to commiserate me further. All things considered I prefer Barbados. Here at least one can believe in God."

Of the forty-two who had been landed with him from the Jamaica Merchant, Colonel Bishop had purchased no less than twenty-five.

Amongst Bishop's slaves Peter Blood came and went freely, sleeping in their quarters, and their lot he knew to be a brutalizing misery.

Though the same blood ran in her veins as in those of Colonel Bishop, yet Arabella Bishop was free of the vices that tainted her uncle's, for these vices were not natural to that blood. Her father, Tom Bishop—that same Colonel Bishop's brother—had been a kindly, chivalrous, gentle soul, who, broken-hearted by the early death of a young wife, had abandoned the Old World and sought an antidote for his grief in the New. He had come out to the Antilles, bringing with him his little daughter, then five years of age, and had given himself up to the life of a planter. Prospering, he had bestowed him of his younger brother, a soldier at home reputed somewhat wild. He had advised him to come out to Barbados. William came, and was admitted by his generous brother to a partnership in the prosperous plantation. Some six years later, when Arabella was fifteen, her father died, leaving her in her uncle's guardianship.

One day toward the end of May, when the heat was beginning to grow oppressive, there crawled into Carlisle Bay a wounded, battered English ship, the *Pride of Devon*, her fore-board scarred and broken, her coach a gaping wreck. She had been in action off Martinique with two Spanish treasure ships, and although her captain swore that the Spaniards had beset him without provocation, it is difficult to avoid a suspicion that the encounter had been brought about quite otherwise. One of the Spaniards had fled from the combat, and if the *Pride of Devon* had not given chase it was probably because she was by then in no case to do so. The other had been sunk, but not before the English ship had transferred to her own hold a good deal of the treasure aboard the Spaniard.

Steed, however, after the fashion of most Colonial governors, was willing enough to dull his wits to the extent of accepting the English seaman's story, disregarding any evidence that might belie it. Therefore he gave the *Pride of Devon* the shelter she sought in his harbor and every facility to careen and carry out repairs.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

**An Ottawa Idea**

**Canadian Dukedom is Suggestion to Celebrate confederation Jubilee**

Ottawa—Marking the Diamond Jubilee of the Dominion by the creation of a dukedom for which a million acres of land would be set aside is the suggestion of a female member of the old and authentic aristocracy of Ottawa, writing to the local papers.

She thinks it would be a grand thing to signalize the jubilee by such a grant to the Crown and believes it would be followed by the appointment by His Majesty of a Duke of Canada like the Dukes of Cornwall and York. The dukedom, it is figured, would be self-supporting in that it would likely lead to a great industrial development to say nothing of the social side.

The writer favors the eastern shore of Hudson's Bay for the enterprise, but is not particular about that, alternatives suggested are in Ungava, the Maritime Provinces, Northern Ontario, the Peace River district or British Columbia.

**Canadian Coal for Canada**

Toronto Globe (Lib.): The question of getting a permanent supply of Western coal for Ontario's needs hangs on a slender thread. For the sake of Canada and the Western miners it is to be hoped that a way can be found to transport it economically, but the possibility of doing this should not halt plans for using fuel from other parts of the country. If there is a prospect of locating coal in Northern Ontario, as has been claimed, the Government should be persistent in its pursuit. If both North and West fail, every effort should be made to utilize Nova Scotia coal, in accordance with the plans passed on at the last session of the Dominion Parliament.

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## RECORD OUTPUT OF AUTOMOBILES

Production During May Totalled 25,708 Cars Worth \$17,411,660

Ottawa.—Production of automobiles in Canada during May totalled 25,708 cars having a sales value, F.O.B. plant, of \$17,411,660.

This was the greatest monthly output in the history of the industry both in number and the total sales value. The previous high levels were established in May, 1926, when production totalled 24,834 cars and in April, 1927, when 24,611 cars were made in Canada.

Compared with the preceding month May production showed gains in output of all types of cars with the exception of chassis and buses. Open passenger cars advanced in number to 5,628 from 5,092, closed model passenger cars to 15,711 from 15,078 and trucks to 3,286 from 1,712. Production of chassis declined to 1,671 from 2,724 and only 2 buses were made in May as against 5 in April. The sales value of cars produced in May exceeds the total sales value reported for May of last year by 1.6 million dollars and was almost a million dollars higher than in April, 1927.

For the first five months of the year the cumulative production of automobiles in Canada totalled 107,600 cases valued at \$68,211,982. This marked a gain of 4 per cent in quantity and 9 per cent in value over the 103,127 cars valued at \$62,656,152 made during the corresponding period of 1926.

The apparent consumption of automobiles in Canada during May amounted to 26,253 cars as determined by adding the imports of 5,916 to the production of 20,338 made for sale in Canada. For the five months ending May 31 the apparent consumption, thus computed, totalled 95,863 cars.

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## The Settin' Fools

"Where were you boys when I called for you to help me an hour ago?" asked Farmer Jones at the supper table.

"I was in the barn settin' a hen," said one.

"And I was in the loft settin' a saw," answered another.

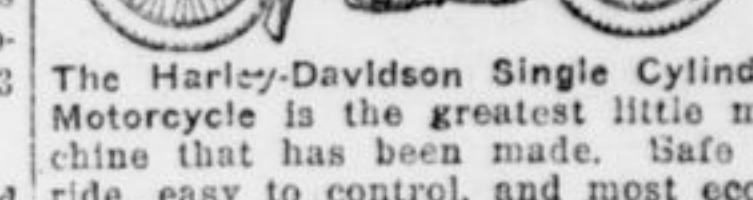
"I was in the pantry settin' a trap," said the fourth.

"You're a fine set!" remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he asked, turning to the youngest.

"I was on the doorstep settin' still!" was the reply.—The Outlook.

## The Filer's Prayer

Take me somewhere east of Suez. Where the worst is like the best. And there ain't no public speakers. And a boy can get a rest.



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